



JACK KIRBY'S
ALL-NEW CONCLUSION TO THE
IMMORTAL SAGA OF THE...

\$2.00
\$2.75 CAN.
NOV. 1984
NO. 6

AT
LAST!

NEW GODS



A FURY-FILLED
COSMIC BATTLE WHEN...
**EVEN GODS
MUST DIE!**

SEE DESAAD, TYRANT OF TERROR, RETURN FROM OBLIVION!
SEE KALIBAK, THE CRUEL CRUSHER, FIGHT ORION TO THE DEATH!
SEE STEPPENWOLF UNLEASH HIS DEMONIC DOG CAVALRY ON HIS HELPLESS ENEMY, LIGHTRAY!



JACK KIRBY'S
ALL-NEW CONCLUSION TO THE
IMMORTAL SAGA OF THE...

\$9.00
\$2.75 CAN.
NOV. 1984
NO. 6

AT
LAST!

NEW GODS



KIRBY
&
BERRY

A FURY-FILLED
COSMIC BATTLE WHEN...
**EVEN GODS
MUST DIE!**

NO.
11

COVER GALLERY



NEW GODS

NO. 11

NOV

30595

ORION and KALIBAK
LOCKED IN TITANIC BATTLE!! WHICH
ONLY THE **BLACK RACER** CAN WIN!!
THE



NEW GODS



A SHOCKING SECRET REVEALED!!
in **DARKSEID and SONS!**

IN ALL OF RECORDED HISTORY THERE HAS BEEN *NO* PRISONER LIKE THE ONE IN CUSTODY AT THE PRISON STATION WHERE DETECTIVE "TERRIBLE" TURPIN HAS SCORED IN HIS GREATEST CASE! HIS EFFORTS HAVE NETTED *KALIBAK*, A PRINCE OF THE HIERARCHY WHICH RULES THE OREAD WORLD OF *APOLLOLAPS*! KALIBAK IS THE *FIRST* OF THE NEW GODS TO SUFFER CAPTIVITY! BUT HIS KIND IS CONTROLLED BY DESTINY, *NOT* EARTHMEN! HE WILL ALSO BE THE *FIRST* TO BEGIN THE FATEFUL BATTLE OF...

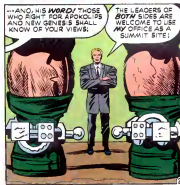
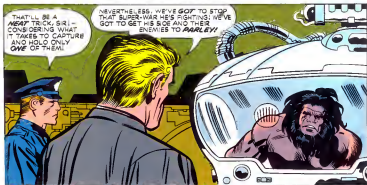
DARKSEID AND SONS!

THERE HE IS, COMMISSIONER KERRAN! KING KONG IS STILL WITH US!... EVEN IF IT DOES TAKE ALL OF THIS CITY'S ELECTRICAL POWER TO HOLD HIM!

WE DON'T WANT TO HOLD HIM! WE WANT TO GET RID OF HIM AND ALL THOSE HE REPRESENTS. WE WANT THEM TO LEAVE EARTH!



G-1430



SUDDENLY--

HAHAHAHAHAH!
A WAR OF THE GODS---SETTLED
HERE! **HAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!**
I'LL DELIVER YOUR MESSAGE,
HUMAN! KALIBAK IS **NOT** WITH-
OUT A SENSE OF HUMOR!

GOOD LORD!
HE'S BROKEN HIS
AUXILIARY
SHACKLES! SHOCK
POWER THAT CAN
MELT AN
APART-
MENT
HOUSE!



WITH A ROAR THAT SHAKES THE STEEL WALLS OF
HIS DETENTION CHAMBER, KALIBAK SMASHES HIS
WAY OUT OF THE BUILDING!

FAREWELL, HUMANS!
YOUR FAITH IN ME
IS MOST
TOUCHING!



HOLD YOUR FIRE!
BULLETS WON'T STOP
HIM! BESIDES, I HAVE
A STRANGE HUNCH
THAT HE'LL **KEEP**
HIS WORD!

I HOPE HIS PALS
TAKE YOUR PLAN
MORE SERIOUSLY
THAN HE DID, S'R!

BUT PEACE BETWEEN THE NEW GODS SEEMS EXTREMELY UNLIKELY IN THE EVER-INCREASING FURY MANIFESTING ITSELF IN ITS MOST VOCAL SYMBOL---ORION! APOKOLIPS HAS BEEN ON THE OFFENSIVE! APOKOLIPS HAS STRUCK OUT EVERYWHERE AGAINST THE FORCES OF NEW GENESIS! APOKOLIPS HAS INFLECTED THE CASUALTIES---! AND NOW, THE VOICE OF ORION CRIES OUT FOR A FINAL AND DECISIVE CONFRONTATION BETWEEN---

THE NEW GODS!

I WAIT NO LONGER FOR THE DOGS OF APOKOLIPS TO SHOW THEIR TEETH! ORION SHALL SEEK THEM OUT!

NO, ORION! THAT WILL GIVE THEM THE ADVANTAGE: THAT'S THE TUNE THEY WISH YOU TO PLAY! IT WILL PROVE TO BE THE "SONG OF DEATH!"

LISTEN TO LIGHTRAY, ORION: HE *HASN'T* BEEN WRONG, YET! YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE TO ATTACK!

EDITED,
WRITTEN,
AND DRAWN

by **JACK KIRBY**

INKED WITH
LOFTY, PONTIFICAL
APLOMB BY
MIKE ROYER



DON'T YOU SEE, ORION?
IF YOU THROW **ALL** CAUTION
TO THE WINDS---! **HEY! HOLD
IT! PUT THAT STATUE DOWN!**

THE ENEMY---! I SEE
NOTHING BUT THE
ENEMY!



YEAH? WELL, **DAVE
LINCOLN** SEES AN OLD
COLLEGE ATHLETIC
AWARD ABOUT
TO BE
DAMAGED!

IT HAS THE
STEELY UNWIELDING
QUALITY OF DARKSEID.
HIMSELF! IF MY
HANDS WERE
TO **CLOSE** ON
HIM THIS---



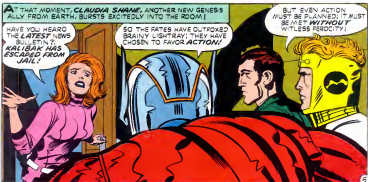
---D'D **SNAP** THAT STEEL
BACKBONE OF HIS AS ONE
WOULD A **REED** FROM
THE SWAMP!



SHOW **PATIENCE**,
ORION! THAT
CHANCE IS
COMING!
BELIEVE
ME!

WORDS! WORDS IN A WAR
THAT SHOULDS FOR ACTION!

WE SURE
GOT A
SAMPLE
OF THAT.
DON'T WE

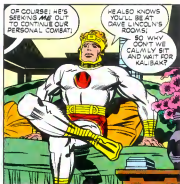
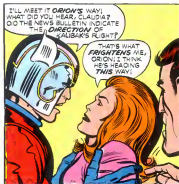


AT THAT MOMENT, **CLAUDIA SHAW**, ANOTHER NEW GENESIS
ALLY FROM EARTH, BURSTS EXCITEDLY INTO THE ROOM!

HAVE YOU HEARD
THE **LATEST** NEWS
BULLETIN?
KALIBAK HAS
ESCAPED FROM
JAIL!

SO THE FATES HAVE OUTFOXED
BRAINY LIGHTRAY! THEY HAVE
CHOSEN TO FAVOR **ACTION!**

BUT EVEN ACTION
MUST BE PLANNED! IT MUST
BE MET **WITHOUT**
WITLESS FEROCITY!



THE MOMENTS ARE FEW WHEN THE SHADOWS OF DEEP CONCERN CREEP ACROSS DARKSEID'S GRANITE VISAGE...AND THE SECRETS HIDDEN THERE BEGIN TO EMERGE...AS IF TO RETREAT BEFORE GREAT PAIN...

ORION
AND
KALIBAK!

HOW THOSE
TWO NAMES
HAUNT MY
LIFE AND
DESTINY!
...GIVE ME
NO REST!

...DARKEN
MY FUTURE
AS SURELY
AS THEIR
MATERNAL
FOREBARS
RULED MY
PAST!

MY MOTHER,
QUEEN HEGGRA!
...ORION'S MOTHER,
TIGRA! ...AND
THE SORCRESS
...SULI!

SULI WAS
KALIBAK'S
MOTHER! THEN
BEFORE TIGRA WAS
CHOSEN FOR YOU...

THERE WAS
SULI! IT WAS
RUMORED
THAT YOU
DEFIED
THE QUEEN'S
WISHES TO
COURT SULI!



...TO SECRETLY WED
HER, YOU SLY DOG!
ORION AND
KALIBAK ARE
HALF-BROTHERS!
...BOTH ARE
MY SONS!

WOW!

...AND THAT LITTLE
POTENT **OMEGA BLAST**
IS TO REMIND YOU THAT
I KNOW WHO POISONED
SULI! ...AT THE
QUEEN'S
COMMAND!

I COULDN'T
DISOBEY, SRE!
THE QUEEN
MOTHER
DISAPPROVED
OF SULI! IT WAS
HER DECISION!



THE OLD TYRANNY SHE TAUGHT ME WELL THE IMPORTANCE OF BENOVING OTHERS TO ONE'S WILL! IN THE END...WHEN I MASTERED...THIS FINE ART...

I-I DON'T LIKE TO REMEMBER IT, SIRE...!...HOW I CARRIED YOUR PLANS...FOR HER...!



AS THE INTRIGUES OF THE PAST OCCUPY GREAT DARKNESS AND DESPAIR, THE OBJECTS OF THEIR DISCUSSION ARE ON A COLLISION COURSE!

ORION IS WITH HIS ALLY, DAVE LINCOLN, THEN HERE IS WHERE I STRIKE!



SO GREAT IS THE POWER OF KALIBAK'S FIST THAT THE BLOW SENDS A SONIC TREMOR THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE BUILDING!!

WHA--?

COME OUT, ORION! COME OUT AND DIE!

THAT SWEET VOICE HAS BUT ONE SOURCE!



WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO, LIGHTRAY? THE VOICE OF KALIBAK SPOKE NOTHING TO YOU!

THEN LET THERE BE A SURPRISE FOR KALIBAK!...AND THE RARE SHOCK OF BATTLE...FOR ME!



FOOL! HE'S THE VETERAN OF A THOUSAND BATTLES; KALIBAK WILL KILL YOU!

WE SHALL SEE!





THE BOLTS MEYER FLY, FOR KALIBAK CLOSES ON LIGHTRAY FIRST AND SEIZES HIM WITH SAVAGE FEROCITY!

CLEVER, LIGHTRAY! YOU FUNCTION LIKE A NOVICE IN BATTLE!

KROMP!

I'LL SMASH YOU TO A PULP BEFORE YOU CAN USE YOUR POWERS AGAIN!

LIGHTRAY IS PROCESSED THROUGH THE HANDS OF KALIBAK WITH PROFESSIONAL EXPERTISE! ...IN SECONDS, ALL RESISTANCE IS BATTERED OUT OF HIM!

POW!

WAP!

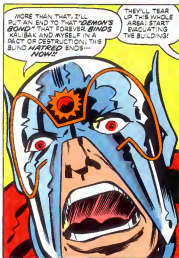
WHERE'S ALL YOUR EAGER WILL TO CHALLENGE KALIBAK, NOW? EH? WHERE'S YOUR YOUNG AND LUSTY THIRST FOR FIGHTING, NOW? CALLOW LITTLE KILLER!

UGH--!

BAM BAM

YOU'RE A HARDY NEW GENESIS TYPE, BUT A FEW MORE BUTCHER BLOWS SHOULD END YOUR DREAMS AS A WARRIOR!

MEANWHILE, IN THE BUILDING ABOVE---



WILLIE WALKER IS ALSO FOREVER SILENT! HIS EYES CAN MOVE, BUT AT THIS MOMENT THEY ARE FIXED ON THE DISTANCE---! ---A DISTANCE FAR BEYOND HIS ROOM---



I-I SEEM TO HAVE LOST HIM AGAIN, RAY! HE JUST *DOESN'T* SEEM TO HEAR OR SEE US ANYMORE!



AND WHAT DOES WILLIE THINK? AND SEE?---AND HEAR? WHAT OF THE VOICE THAT CALLS TO HIM ---FROM--- OUT THERE---



---A MESSENGER OF *DEATH*---! WITH POWERS BEYOND THE STANDARDS *KNOWN* BY MEN! POWERS THAT CAN MAKE AN INVALID RISE AND STAND FIRM WITH *NEW* STRENGTH!



WHERE THE COMMANDING VOICE COMES FROM IS A MYSTERY TO WILLIE! HE ONLY KNOWS THAT IT CHANGES HIM! AND WITH THAT CHANGE HE IS GIVEN A GRIM MISSION! AND A NEW NAME!

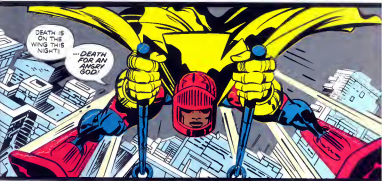


ONCE AGAIN--
I'M THE
BLACK RACER!

WITH THE CHANGE COME NEW AND STRANGE POWERS! THE BLACK RACER WALKS THROUGH THE WALL OF WILLIE'S BUILDING-- INTO THE NIGHT OUTSIDE--



MY EQUIPMENT
LIES WAITING!
MY MISSION
BEGINS!



DEATH IS
ON THE WING THIS
NIGHT!

---DEATH
FOR AN
ANGRY
GOD!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY, THE FINAL CONFRONTATION BETWEEN ORION AND KALIBAK IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE IN FULL FURY---



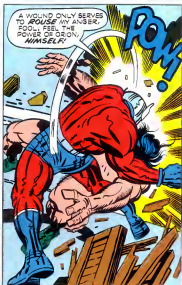
YOU'VE HAD YOUR PLAY
WITH AMATEUR WARRIORS,
KALIBAK! **THIS TIME---**

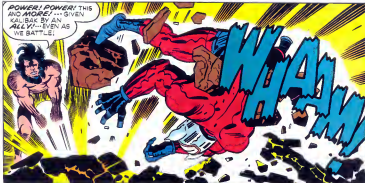
THIS TIME, ORION,
YOU'LL GET A TASTE
OF **REAL POWER!**
THE KIND YOU
WON'T ESCAPE
FROM!



THAT BOAST
SHALL BE
YOUR **LAST,**
KALIBAK! ---
TO BATTLE!

---**TO BATTLE!**
AND MAY ALL THAT
LIES BETWEEN US
BE **DONE** WITH
THIS NIGHT!





KALIBAK'S
STRENGTH SEEMS
INCREASED TEN-
FOLD! HE TEARS
AN ENTIRE
BUILDING LOOSE
AND SENDS IT
CRASHING DOWN
UPON ORION!

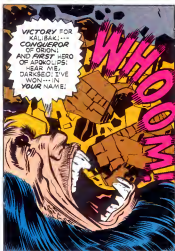
CRAASH!!

DIE ORION!
FEEL THE WEIGHT
OF CRUSHING ROCK!
YOUR TIME HAS
COME!



VICTORY FOR
KALIBAK!...
CONQUEROR
OF ORION!
AND FIRST HERO
OF APOCALIPS!
HEAR ME,
DARKSEID! I'VE
WON---IN
YOUR NAME!

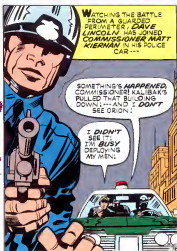
WHOOW!



WATCHING THE BATTLE
FROM A GUARDED
PERIMETER, DAVE
LINCOLN HAS JOINED
COMMISSIONER MATT
KIERNAN IN HIS POLICE
CAR---

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED,
COMMISSIONER! KALIBAK'S
PULLED THAT BUILDING
DOWN!...AND I DON'T
SEE ORION!

I DIDN'T
SEE IT!
I'M BUSY
DEPLOYING
MY MEN!

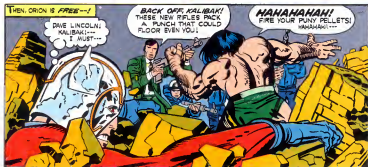








MEANWHILE, AT THE SCENE OF BATTLE, A MIGHTY ARM *EMERGES* FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE RUBBLE! WHERE NO LIFE SHOULD BE--- IT LIVES! WHERE NO STRENGTH SHOULD BE--- IT CONQUERS *CRUSHING* WEIGHT....!!



AT THAT DEADLY
MOMENT, THE BLACK
RACER ARRIVES!

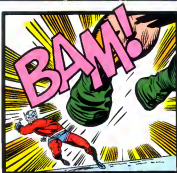
DIE, KALIBAK! IF
WE FIGHT AS SONS
OF DARKSEID--ONLY
ONE MAY LIVE!

THEN
LET THE
FIERY
"DEMON RIT"
RECEIVE
ORION!

AS IF HE WERE DEMON-POSSESSED, ORION UN-
LEASHES A DEPTH OF FURY UNKNOWN TO
EVEN THE GODS! HE POUNDS KALIBAK LIKE A
MADDENED BEAST!

THE TIME IS
AT HAND!

DIE! DIE!



THIS IS THE
LAST OF
YOU!

MY ADDED POWER--
IT'S GONE! I-I
CAN'T USE IT!

BLOW AFTER CRUEL
BLOW SMASHES INTO
KALIBAK LIKE A
STEEL HAMMER!

AAAAGH--!

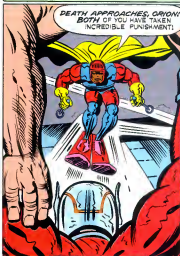
ZAM!

KALIBAK BECOMES A LIMP AND BATTERED HULK! EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY SUFFERS DAMAGE!



WHY DON'T YOU
FIGHT, KALIBAK! HAS
ALL RESISTANCE
LEFT YOU?

THEN, AS ORION LIFTS KALIBAK FOR A LAST CRUSHING ACT OF VIOLENCE, HE SEES THE BLACK RACER RUSHING TOWARD HIM!



DEATH APPROACHES, ORION!
BOTH OF YOU HAVE TAKEN
INCREDIBLE PUNISHMENT!



BUT I'VE
COME FOR
ONLY
ONE!

IF IT
BE ME
THEN COME
AND BE
SWIFT!

**THERE'S NO STOPPING THE BLACK RACER!
ORION IS STRUCK BY A FIERCE WIND!
AND EVERY FIBER QUAKES AND SCREAMS
IN THE SHADOW OF WHAT OVERWHELMS HIM!**



AAAAA!!!

THE WIND SHRIEKS ON AND FLINGS DEBRIS EVERYWHERE! THE BLACK RACER HAS COME AND GONE ... AND GONE, TOO, IS **KALIBAK!!!**



A **HEAVY SILENCE** FALLS ON THE CITY IN THE WAKE OF THE SUDDEN GUST! THEN, THE NORMAL SOUNDS OF THE CITY **RETURN---**

THE **BLACK RACER SPARED ME!** IT WAS **KALIBAK'S** MOMENT OF DYING!--- **NOT MINE!**



GRON! WHAT WAS ALL THAT? WHERE IS **KALIBAK---** AND THAT GUY ON SKIS?

HUH! TO THINK I SENT THAT BULL MOOSE ON A PEACE MISSION! HOW WILL WE EVER END THIS WAR?



DESTINY SHALL END IT! IT IS WRITTEN THAT THE FATHER OF APOKOLIPS SHALL MEET HIS BANISHED SON IN THE **RED LIGHT** OF THE FIRE-PITS!--- AND **THERE** THEY SHALL DECIDE THIS WAR!

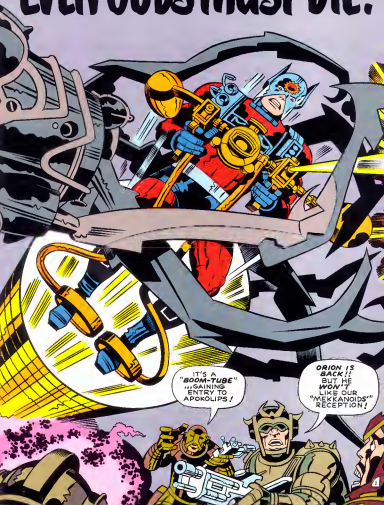


AND SO IT SHALL BE! I CAN DENY IT NO LONGER!---TO OTHERS OR TO MYSELF! I AM **DARKSEID'S SON!!**---ARMED AND READY WITH THE HERITAGE BEQUEATHED ME!--- THE ULTIMATE FEROCITY! WHEN I CLASH WITH **DARKSEID---**



IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS...

EVEN GODS MUST DIE!



IT'S A
"BOOM-TUBE"
...GAINING
ENTRY TO
APOKOLIPS!

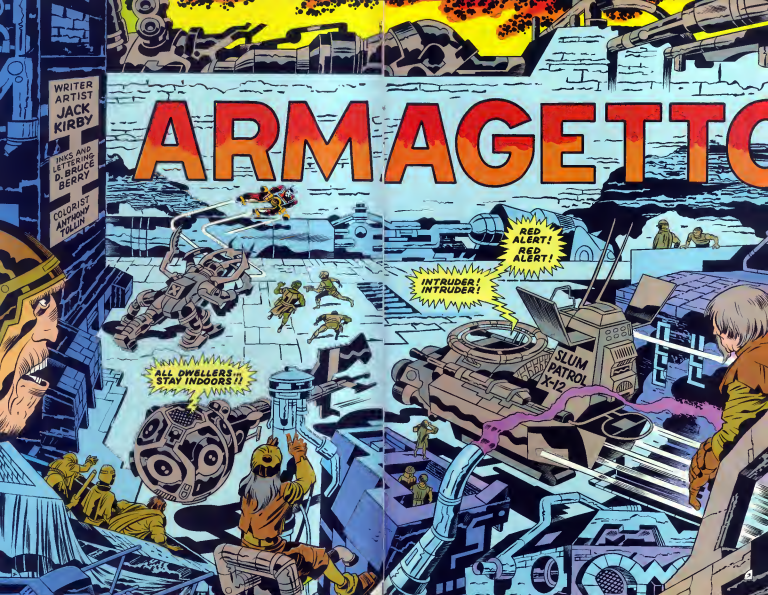
ORION IS
BACK!!
BUT HE
WON'T
LIKE OUR
"MEKKANOIDS"
RECEPTION!

WRITER
ARTIST
JACK KIRBY

INKS AND
LETTERING
D. BRUCE
BERRY

COLORIST
ANTHONY
TOLLIN

ARMAGETTO

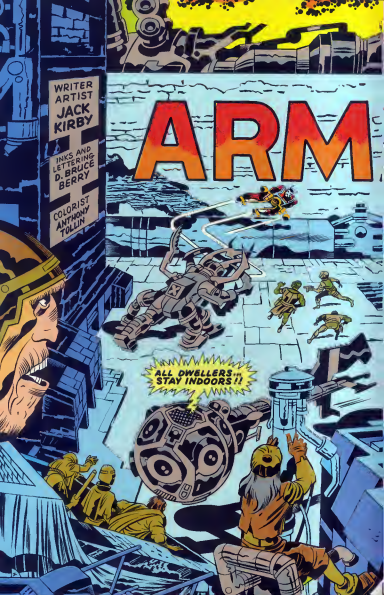


WRITER
ARTIST
**JACK
KIRBY**

INKS AND
LETTERING
D. BRUCE
BERRY

COLORIST
ANTHONY
TOLLIN

ARM



ALL DWELLERS...
STAY INDOORS!!

AGETTO



RED
ALERT!
RED
ALERT!

INTRUDER!
INTRUDER!

SLUM
PATROL
X-12

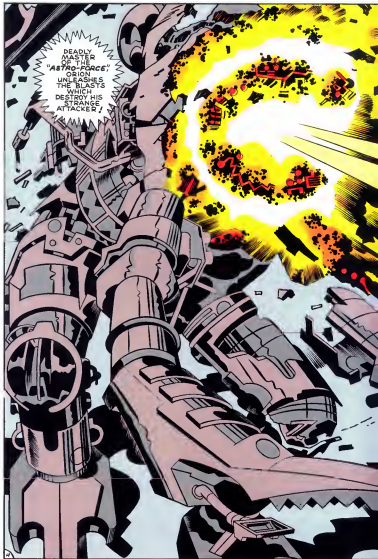
DEADLY
MASTER
OF THE
"ASTRO-FORCE"
ORION
UNLEASHES
THE BLASTS
WHICH
DESTROY HIS
STRANGE
ATTACKER!

The scene is a chaotic battle. On the left, a massive, pinkish-grey mechanical arm with a circular pincer at its end dominates the foreground. In the center, a bright yellow and orange explosion erupts. On the right, a warrior in a red and blue suit with a silver helmet and a large orange gauntlet is shown in a dynamic pose, firing a yellow energy beam. The background is filled with mechanical debris and a large, stylized mechanical head in the upper right corner.

WHY AM I GREETED
BY MECHANICAL
DOLLS? WHERE ARE
THE WARRIORS
ON APOKOLIPS?!!?

DESPITE
AUTOMATION,
YOU'LL
FIND US
ABOUT!

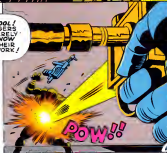
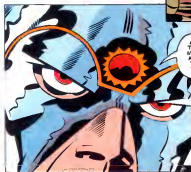
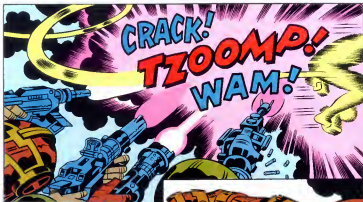
DEADLY
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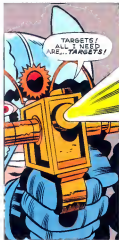


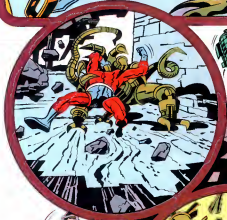
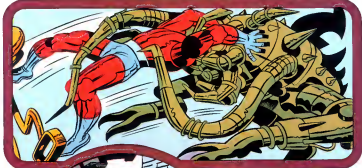
WHY AM I GREETED
BY MECHANICAL
DOLLS? WHERE ARE
THE WARRIORS
ON APOKOLIPS?!!?

DESPITE
AUTOMATION,
YOU'LL
FIND US
ABOUT!



FOOL!
TIGERS
MERELY
KNOW
THEIR
WORK!







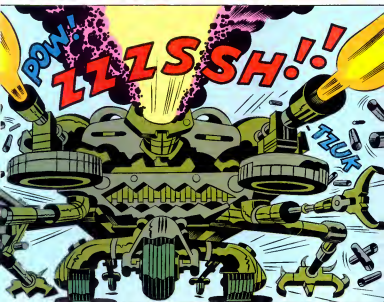
DARKSEID HAS TURNED
TO "HANGMAN'S HUMOR"!
HE'S TRANSFORMED
APOKOLIPS INTO A
"MECHANIZED MADHOUSE"!



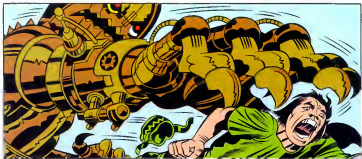
SO YOU'RE THE
HEROES I HAVE
TO THANK FOR
THIS HELPING
HAND!

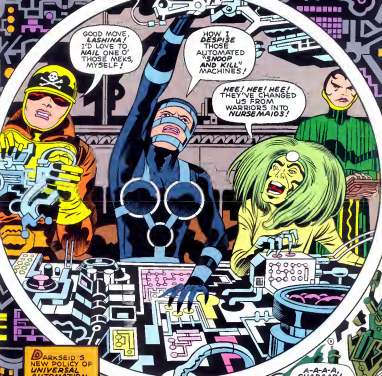
THAT
"GRABBER"
DIDN'T
MESS YOU
UP, DID HE,
SOLDIER?

WE HATE THE
MEKKANOIDS!
THEY'RE
BUILT TO
WATCH AND
PUNISH US!









GOOD MOVE,
LASHINA!
I'D LOVE TO
MAIL ONE O'
THOSE MEKS,
MYSELF!

HOW I
DESPISE
THOSE
AUTOMATED
"SNOOP
AND KILL"
MACHINES!

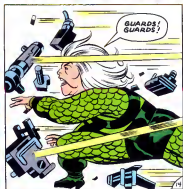
HEE! HEE! HEE!
THEY'VE CHANGED
US FROM
WARRIORS INTO
NURSEMAIDS!

DARKSEID'S
NEW POLICY OF
UNIVERSAL
AUTOMATION
DRAWS LITTLE
ENTHUSIASM
FROM ALL
THOSE TRAINED
FOR BATTLE!

A-A-A-A
SHADAAP!
BIG
MOUTH!

DEFECTIVE
OPERATION!
DEFECTIVE
OPERATION!









HYAAR! HYAAR! STOMPA
AND LASHINA ARE
KILLING ME WITH
FITS OF NOSTALGIA!



OH, MAD HARRIET!
DON'T HESITATE
IN THIS GLORIOUS
MOMENT!

KLOMP!



SKTCH!

POOR, MALADJUSTED
CREATURES! GUESS THEY'VE
CAUGHT THE
"WARRIOR
SYNDROME"!

SHALL I
TERMINATE
THEM?



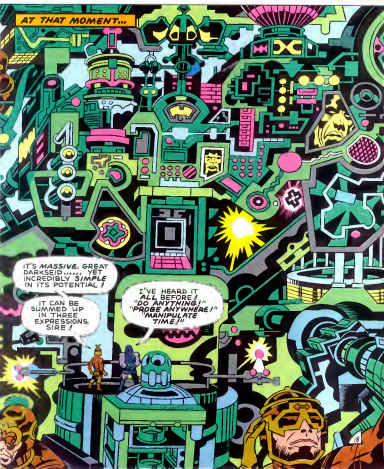




TOO BAD WE'VE GOT TO JOLT THAT OLD WARHORSE GRANNY GOODNESS! HER MILITARY SCHOOL MADE TIGERS OUT OF BABBLING INFANTS!



WELL, SHE'S A LOUSY "COMPU-TEAM SUPERVISOR"! SHE'LL TAKE HER JOLTS WITH THE REST!



AT THAT MOMENT...

IT'S MASSIVE. GREAT DARKSEID..... YET INCREDIBLY SIMPLE IN ITS POTENTIAL!

IT CAN BE SUMMED UP IN THREE EXPRESSIONS, SIRE!

I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE!
"DO ANYTHING!"
"PROBE ANYWHERE!"
"MANIPULATE TIME!"

THE EYES OF DARKSEID BETRAY HIS STRANGE DISCONTENT. HE TURNS TO HIDE HIS SCARRED EGO! THE ULTIMATE FLESH CHALLENGED BY THE ULTIMATE METAL... AND YET, HIS APPROVAL HAS BROUGHT THIS SITUATION INTO BEING.

"CHANGE" IS A
COMBUSTIBLE
STATE, SIRE!
IT AFFECTS ALL
ON APOKOLIPS!

IT STIRS THE
LOWER RANKS TO
VIOLENCE. IN
YOUR EYES, SIRE,
IF I MAY BE
FORGIVEN, I SEE
A TOUCH OF
PAIN... OR IS IT
...LONELINESS?

I COULD USE A FRIEND. **DESAAD**,
PERHAPS. HE WAS A STRANGE ONE,
BUT HE HAD THE GIFT OF FINDING
HUMOR... WHERE NONE SHOULD THRIVE!





THAT COULD BE A NOBLE EXPERIMENT FOR OUR MACHINES, SIRE!

WHAT IS THAT THING?



IT'S A "BRAIN SCANNER," GREAT DARKSEID. IN YOUR BRAIN CELLS IS AN ACCURATE IMAGE OF DESAID!

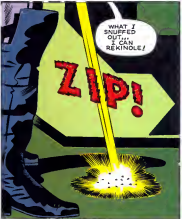
WEAR THIS, SIRE, AND WE CAN TRACK DOWN HIS ATOMS...



...AND, THOUGH YOU DISINTEGRATED DESAID IN A FIT OF ANGER, I BELIEVE OUR MACHINES CAN...

SILENCE, FOOL!

HOW EASILY YOU FORGET THE POWER OF DARKSEID!



WHAT I SNUFFED OUT... I CAN REKINDLE!

ZIP!



SEE THE FLAMES OF ATOMIC LIFE GATHER AND EXPAND... AND BUSILY BOIL TO ACHIEVE "BIOLOGIC SYMMETRY"!



IT'S A BIT OF AN UGLY PROCESS, I ADMIT, COLONEL.



WELL ?



I-IF THAT'S YOUR OPINION, SIRE... I WOULD DEFINITELY AGREE!



IF YOU WOULD PERMIT AN OBSERVATION, SIRE...

YES, YES! GO ON!



HAD YOU FED OUR MACHINES THE CORRECT DATA...



I KNOW! HE WOULD HAVE "POPPED OUT" LIKE FRESH CANDY!



IT'S HUMILIATING TO CONTEMPLATE IT!



RISE, DESAÄ!



I-I-I AM Y-YOUR SERVANT, GREAT DARKSEID!



WELCOME BACK, OLD FRIEND.

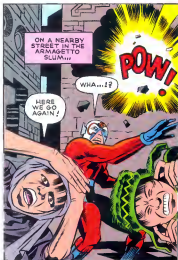
YOUR POWERS ARE OMNIPOTENT INDEED, SIRE!



THIS IS TRULY INSPIRING. WE SOMETIMES FORGET THE TALENTS INHERENT IN OUR RACE OF "ULTIMATES"!

SOMEDAY OUR MACHINES WILL "DO IT ALL"! THEY'LL DWARF THE COSMOS ITSELF!

WE'LL PRAISE THEM... CURSE THEM... AND FEAR THEM!



HOLD! WAS
THAT YOU
WHO FIRED
IT A
MOMENT
AGO?

IT SEEMS
TO BE THE
FAVORITE
GAME
HERE!

IDIOT!
YOU MIGHT
HAVE...

I-I'M TERRIBLY
SORRY THAT I
FRIGHTENED
THE BOYS, BUT
I DID AIM
VERY HIGH!

AMATEUR
WARRIOR!
RETURN TO
NEW GENESIS
AND LIVE
IN PEACE!

I WON'T
DESERT A
FRIEND
WHO IS
HERE TO
FULFILL A
MAD
PROPHECY!

THIS CONFRONTATION
BETWEEN FATHER
AND SON IS WRONG!
IT BODES ILL FOR BOTH
YOU AND DARKSEID!

YOUR
SHOOTING
SPREE? YOU
REALLY
MEANT TO
WOUND
ME!

WHO KNOWS?/
IF THOSE
YOUNGSTERS
HADN'T BEEN
THERE... WHO
KNOWS...?

FOOL!
FOOL!





A SOUND SHARK!
IT'S ONE OF
DARKSEID'S NEW
SURVEILLANCE
MACHINES! IT
MAKES A SWEEP
OF THE SLUMS
AND CHECKS ON
OBJECTS FOREIGN
TO THIS AREA.

SO
THAT'S
IT!

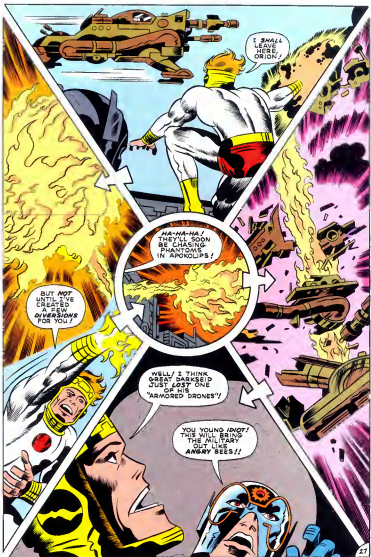


YES, THAT'S IT!
I DIDN'T COME
BACK HERE
WITHOUT BEING
BRIEFED!
DARKSEID HAS
ENEMIES ON
APOKOLIPS!

NOT
ENOUGH
TO KEEP
YOU
ALIVE!

YOU
NEED
ME
MORE
THAN
EVER
NOW!





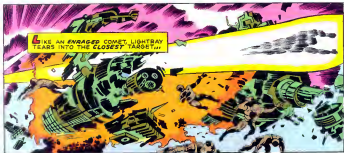
I SHALL
LEAVE
HERE,
ORION!

HA-HA-HA!
THEY'LL SOON
BE CHASING
PHANTOMS
IN APOKOLIPS!

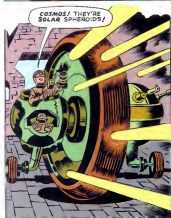
BUT NOT
UNTIL I'VE
CREATED
A FEW
DIVERSIONS
FOR YOU!

WELL! I THINK
GREAT DARKSEID
JUST LOST ONE
OF HIS
"ARMORED DRONES"!

YOU YOUNG IDIOT!
THIS WILL BRING
THE MILITARY
OUT LIKE
ANGRY BEES!!



LIKE AN ENRAGED COMET, LIGHTBAY
TEARS INTO THE CLOSEST TARGET...



COSMOS! THEY'RE
SOLAR SPHEROIDS!



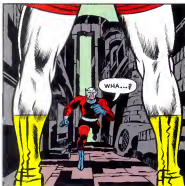
A NEW ATTACK CREATES
A NEW VICTIM!



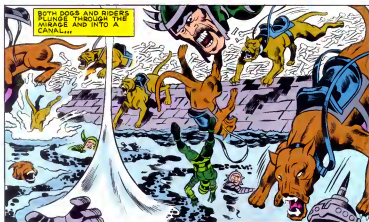
THIS IS SECTOR
ONE-FOUR-TWO!

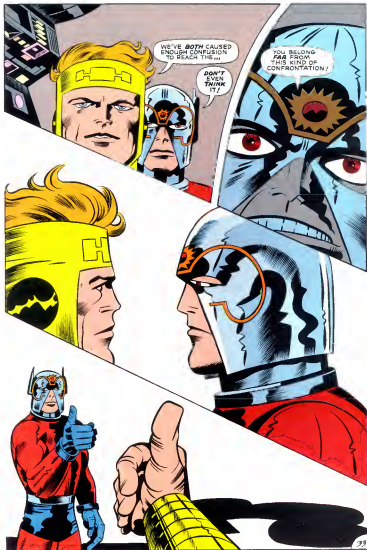
INDICATORS
REGISTER
ATTACK BY
UNKNOWN
LIGHT
FORCE!











WE'VE BOTH CAUSED
ENOUGH CONFUSION
TO REACH THIS...

DON'T
EVEN
THINK
IT!

YOU BELONG
FAR FROM
THIS KIND OF
CONFRONTATION!

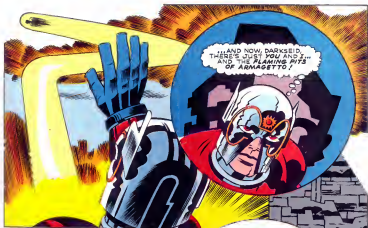


THEY'LL BE
SWARMING
AFTER ME!

GET
GOING,
ORION!

THEN SO
BE IT! LET
THE PROPHECY
FULFILL ITSELF
THIS DAY IN
ARMAGETTO!

ZZZWOOSH!



...AND NOW, DARKSEID,
THERE'S JUST YOU AND I...
AND THE **FLAMING PITS**
OF ARMAGETTO!



GOOD LUCK,
ORION!
YOUR
INFORMANT
SHALL BE
NEUTRAL,
TOO.

MEANWHILE...



PROCEED,
BRAGGARTS!
THIS GAME OF
RE-SPECT-ION HAS
CAPTIVATED MY
FANCY.



WE BOW TO YOUR
INDULGENCE, SIR.
AFTER ALL, YOUR
FRIEND, DESAAD,
IS STILL IN THE
RE-ORIENTATION
CHAMBER.



INITIATE "ATOM
GATHERING"
PATTERN
RELATED TO
"SPECIFICATION
K-1"

SPANG!
KL'KL'KL'KL'KL'
TZINK!

OOOEEEE

SWOK!!



HE
LOOKS
A BIT
CONFUSED.

KALIBAK
IS HERE!
MOVE
HIM ON!





I'LL KILL
YOU!
I'LL KILL
YOU!



HIS OUTBURST
IS MERELY
INSTINCTIVE.

YES! KALIBAK
WAS IN A
DEATH DUEL
WITH ORION
WHEN OBLIVION
TOOK HIM!



BLANK OUT
HIS MIND! WE'LL
HAVE TO JOIN
DESAAD IN THE
RE-ADJUSTMENT
CHAMBER!

ZAP!



AS YOU CAN SEE, SIRE,
THE "RESTORATION
PROCESS" FOR EITHER
OF OUR METHODS IS
STILL A CHALLENGE!

THEY DON'T
FULLY
RETURN...
DO THEY?



THEY'RE LIKE
BIOLOGICAL
ROBOTS, SIRE!
"MINDLESS
ANIMALS"...
SO TO SPEAK!

IT'S STILL AN
IMPRESSIVE
"GAME"!

STEPPENWOLF
IS BACK! NOW...
RESURRECT MANTIS!

MEANWHILE
OUTSIDE THE
GREAT
DARKEID
AUTOMATION
AND
DETENTION
CENTER...

ANY REPORTS
ON ORION?

HE'LL
BE
HERE!

DARKEID'S OWN
SON! IT'S SAID
THAT HE'S FEARED
BY DEMONS!

YOU'LL GET
YOUR CHANCE
TO FIND OUT!

BUT OUR
DEFENSES!
THEY'RE
SEEMINGLY
IMPENETRABLE!

ORION WOULD
NEED THE HELP
OF WIZARDS!

APOKOLIPS HAS
NO SHORTAGE
OF WIZARDS!
AND MANY OF
THESE ARE
KNOWN TO
ADMIRE ORION!

YOU MEAN
THAT ORION
HAS AN
UNSEEN AIDE?!

SO IT
IS SAID!



ORION!

CRASH!!

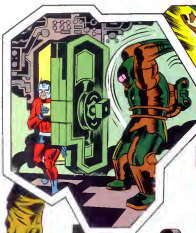
IN THE CONTEXT OF DESTRUCTION
ORION TRANSCENDS THE TERM,
TO OPPOSE HIM IS TO DIE! TO
SURVIVE HIM IS LIFE LIVED IN
FRAGMENTED FORM!

STOP HIM!
HE'S A
MONSTER!

IN THE CONTEXT OF DESTRUCTION,
ORION TRANSCENDS THE TERM!
TO OPPOSE HIM IS TO DIE! TO
SURVIVE HIM IS LIFE LIVED IN
FRAGMENTED FORM!







IT'S UNCANNY, SIRE!
THEY BEHAVE IN
FAMILIAR WAYS...
BUT IT IS MERELY
CONDITIONED REFLEX!

"ANIMATED BODIES"
...THEY'RE SHELLS
WITHOUT "IDENTITY"!







THERE'S NO
ESCAPING
DESTINY...
FATHER!



DON'T CALL
ME FATHER!
YOU WERE
NEVER
LIKE ME!



YOU DON'T
PLOT... YOU
DON'T SCHEME!
YOU LEAP AT
LIFE LIKE A
BEAST OF
PREY!



THIS MOMENT
MAY SOLVE ALL
OUR PROBLEMS!
RELEASE MY
MOTHER!



RELEASE HER!
TIGRA AND I
WILL LEAVE
APOKOLIPS
FOREVER!



KRAASH!
KRAASH!

I'LL FINISH YOU BOTH THIS DAY!
DEMON MOTHER
SHALL FOLLOW
DEMON SON!

THE GREAT ENERGIES
BURN LOW IN
THESE DAYS OF
AUTOMATION, BUT
THEY KEEP MY
PRISONERS QUIET
...AND COMFORTABLE!

TIGRA! IT'S
MY MOTHER,
TIGRA!





POW POW POW POW

THEY ARE DARKSEID'S
FINEST MARKSMEN, AND
KNOW THE VITAL TARGETS!



THAT'S THE
END OF
HIM, SIRE!
HIS BODY WAS
A RIDDLED
VESSEL OF
DEATH!

USING TIGRA AS *BAIT* WAS
A MASTER STROKE! ORION WAS
NO MATCH FOR YOUR CRAFTINESS
AND GULE, SIRE!

TRUE... BUT GULE WAS NOT
ENOUGH! YOUR WORK WAS
SOMETHING A FATHER COULD
NOT DO!

ARE YOU
SURE HE IS
DEAD?

DID YOU
SEE HIM
DIE?

BUT, SIRE...
AFTER ALL THAT
HAPPENED, WE
CAN ONLY DRAW
ONE CONCLUSION!

WE CAN ALSO
BE CERTAIN
THE FLAMES
OF THE PIT
CONSUMED
HIS CORPSE!
ORION IS GONE
FOREVER!

**WHO AMONG US CAN
CONVINCE THE EVIL?
UNMOVED BY GUILT,
THEY FOREVER LIVE
WITH DOUBT!
IF ORION IS DEAD...
HE'S LEFT BEHIND
HIM ETERNAL FEAR!**





KIRBY ON SURVIVAL

There are tigers in the night. Creatures bearing great scars inflicted by wrenching confrontations—lethal rushes on dark, unyielding ground where the body pours all its strength into fitful instinctive thrusts.

This is the Real Thing! The primal struggle! Throughout history it has cried out for dramatization on a cave wall, the written page, or the panel of a

comic book.

In my attempt to create a serious novel for our medium, I have chosen that most basic of experiences, one we have all shared at one time or another—survival. I have taken this innate response to danger, and have portrayed it in mythological terms.

The concept is simple. Friends and enemies squaring off in

various ways, for various reasons, on some eternal battleground where all is won or lost and the debris is cleared away for the next conflict. They are evil, we are good. They are plotters and traitors, we are loyal and clever. They are eternally responsible for our woes, so we will someday pull up our guts, stop the shadow-bawling, and go in for the kill.

Thus I am doing what mankind has always done. I've turned these emotions and reactions into gods, and brought into view the awesome images that haunt our dreams.

So it has been throughout the centuries. When Zeus' and Hercules' time had passed, Mercury and Mars arrived on the scene. France sent Napoleon's Grande Armée on tour; England subsequently hailed the unshakable heroes of Rudyard Kipling. Idols rose and fell all over the world with an odd and fantastic nobility that fairly flipped our history books. How we loved them all—our Horatios at the bridge, our Transylvanian Draculas.

Grandiose figures such as these symbolized the Real Thing. Territories immemorial have been covered with Average Joe types doing what they've always done "in the name of _____" (fill in the name of your choice; all sides have continually offered so many).

When my turn came at the draft board during World War II, I chose Superman as my guardian. Tarzan, at that moment, seemed somehow related to my early teens. Superman was the electrifying hero of the day. Who was going to rub out a guy who hid behind such a patriotic and invincible image? There was even talk in the army about General Eisenhower trading pulp magazines for copies of Action Comics. How could I have landed in a better outfit? It eased my trepidations about having my hair parted by a twenty millimeter shell.

Experiences like these seem to

"SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT LIKE DARKSEID, I TOO PLAY FOR KEEPS."



stimulate and guide one's thoughts into avenues where one's humanity must be examined in relation to the past, present, and future. Darkseid, Highfather, and the rest of the cast have always been sincere expressions of my feelings—reactions to all the things I knew were out there in the night, like the scabbling of an unseen army of claws, or the beating of wings in nocturnal vigilance over sleepers in repose.

Today the Real Thing is something we've never known before, a new something not yet devised, shaped, or defined. It is something we must deeply consider, since Darkseid looms ever larger, like a great, monumental cobra moving ceaselessly and vengefully. Ever-present, he is thwarted, sometimes outsmarted, but always eager to swallow us en masse and integrate us into his push-button paradise where his every wish is fulfilled. For Darkseid is the god of the silo that houses the death-package. He rules the toxic wastelands and merrily increases their rate of expansion. He seeps into our hatreds and prejudices, and

nurtures our biases until they become time bombs—primed and ready to activate the worst in us. Darkseid is playing for keeps in a cosmic minefield that's never supposed to blow.

After all, isn't that where we all are? Isn't that where we live? Aren't we at the apex of the Big Blast? Well, that's the backyard I'm playing in. How is it going to turn out? Suffice it to say that like Darkseid, I too play for keeps. You see, I'm walking that same cosmic minefield. What I have in mind for the Hunger Dogs graphic novel will make your blood race.

What will they do, these gods whose situations so strangely resemble our own? The bottom line involves choices. Neither gods nor humans have ever stood calmly in a minefield forever. Good or evil, they are bound to choose. And when they do, you will see the truth of all that motivates us. As a thinking being, you have the obligation to choose. If the fate of all mankind were in your hands, what would your decision be?

As a writer and an artist, I've drawn my answer. ■



**WHEN TECHNOLOGY
TAKES OVER...**

**WHEN YOUR MIND
IS A MACHINE...**

**ARMACETTO WILL
BE THE BATTLE
FOR THE STREETS.**

**IT WILL BE
THE BATTLE FOUGHT
FOR THE SURVIVAL
OF HUMANITY ITSELF**

**IT WILL BE
FOUGHT BY**

THE HUNGER DOGS!

**THE ASTONISHING SEQUEL
TO THE NEW GODS™ SAGA
BY THE LEGENDARY JACK KIRBY.**

A 64 PAGE GRAPHIC NOVEL.

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SEE DESAAD, TYRANT OF TERROR, RETURN FROM OBLIVION!
SEE KALIBAK, THE CRUEL CRUSHER, FIGHT ORION TO THE DEATH!
SEE STEPPENWULF UNLEASH HIS DEMONIC DOG CAVALRY ON HIS
HELPLESS ENEMY, LIGHTRAY!



KIRBY
&
BERRY